

The Second Charnel House Anthology of Bad Poetry



Edited by Crad Kilodney



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THE SECOND CHARNEL HOUSE ANTHOLOGY
OF BAD POETRY

Edited by
CRAD KILODNEY

CHARNEL HOUSE
TORONTO, CANADA

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover photo by Armen Hovsepian.
Photo posed by Steve Fentone.
Cover lettering by Steve Fentone.

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Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Main entry under title:

The Second Charnel House anthology of bad poetry

ISBN 0-920973-15-9

1. American poetry - 20th century. 2. Humorous poetry, American. 3. Canadian poetry (English) - 20th century.* 4. Humorous poetry, Canadian (English).* 5. English poetry - 20th century. 6. Humorous poetry, English. I. Kilodney, Crad.

PS615.S42 1992

811'.5408

C92-094292-X

CHARNEL HOUSE is a private imprint dedicated to artistic freedom and free enterprise. It receives no government support. Correspondence is welcome and may be addressed to: 1712 Avenue Road, P.O. Box 54541, North York, Ont. M5M 4N5. Telephone: (416) 924-5670.

INTRODUCTION

"It's such a fine line between stupid and clever."

-- Spinal Tap

After the publication of *The First Charnel House Anthology of Bad Poetry*, many readers told me they thought some of the poems were brilliant. Well, in a sense they were right. It takes a certain genius to write great poetry, and it takes a different sort of genius to write dreadful poetry. Poems that are either brilliant or dreadful stick in the mind; it's all the stuff in the middle that is soon forgotten.

Editors and publishers have long sought to immortalize great poets, but who will immortalize the rotten ones? Do they not also deserve a place of distinction in our libraries and on our bookshelves? I certainly think so.

The poets selected for this anthology include many who have never been published before, many who have been published at least occasionally, and a few who are considered to be important. Most of these people are unaware that they are appearing here. Their works have been borrowed from a variety of sources, including original manuscripts, books, and magazines. (If any poet whose work has been used without permission is ticked off about it, I'll be happy to pay a retroactive fee, so quit griping and don't be a bad sport. You're in some good company here, so take it with a smile. Besides, we all die anyway.) Plenty of other contributors deluged me with their awfulest odes, begging to be included, and I can assure you that I only accepted those capable of meeting my low standards.

In terms of styles and subjects, these poems are all over the map, and I've tried to make this collection as varied as possible. (And speaking of the map, I've indicated the poet's country, where known.)

As for the many "errors" you'll find in this book, they're the authors', not mine. I've deliberately refrained from correcting any of them. In an anthology of bad poetry, what would be the point?

A few of your faves from the first anthology are back, including Ernie Freedom, whose poem "If Elvis Was A Goalie" was the most popular in that collection, and the late Minnie Dalton, who is no doubt driving all the angels in heaven crazy with her mind-numbing rhyming quatrains. As bad as the first anthology was, however, I can say without equivocation that a new nadir of rottenness has been reached with this one.

Yes, dummy, if you haven't caught on by now, this book *is supposed to be funny!* But I wouldn't recommend reading the whole thing at one sitting. Like Monty Python's "Funniest Joke In The World," reading it all at once could kill you.

Crad Kilodney,
Editor

GLEN ARMSTRONG (U.S.A.)

STREET WALKERS IN THE SEA

LEADER: Shall I tell them that this ritual
is akin to a witch's sabbath?

CHORUS: Tell them that under the illusion
of water and moon, we appear big enough
to accommodate dump trucks.

LEADER: Shall I tell them that we
are older than all but the least
complicated pleasure?

CHORUS: Tell them that our veins
are streets where heroin
hustles blood cells.

&

TWO WOMEN PEEING IN A DIRT LOT

If they take their fingers from the gravel
they risk complete transformation into ducks
(so apparently underway,) between dented fender
and electric fence, the tide of a street light ebbs.

*

ROBERT P. BEVERIDGE (U.S.A.)

Ode to a Urinal

Urinals are manly things,
not like breasts or diamond rings,
And as you stand and take a piss,
Tell yourself, "Women can't do this."

KIRBY SONG BOOK (U.S.A.)-- (*Actual lyrics from the official Kirby vacuum cleaner salesman's song book.*-Ed.)

How much is that Kirby in the window?
The one that cleans up without fail.
How much is that Kirby in the window?
I do hope that Kirby's for sale.

I don't want a Lux or a Hoover,
I don't want a mop for the floor,
If I had a Kirby to assist me,
My knuckles and knees wouldn't be sore.

I read in the papers 'bout the tank type,
With shiny attachments galore,
But the motor inside don't have the power,
And you tug it all over the floor.

How much is that Kirby in the window?
It's value deluxe, for the dough,
How much is that Kirby in the window?
Oh, please, Kirby Man, don't say no!

&

Good old Kirby, that good old Kirby,
It don't say nothin', but it do somethin',
That good old Kirby, it just keeps cleanin' along.

It cleans carpets, picks up loose cotton,
Then other cleaners is soon forgotten,
But good old Kirby, it just keeps cleanin' along.

You and me we sweat and strain,
Body all achin' and racked with pain,
Lift that box, ring the bell
Gotta git in and make another sale.

I gits weary and sick of strivin'
I'm tired of demmin, gotta keep tryin',
So good old Kirby can keep on cleanin' along.

JOHN STIDHAM (U.S.A.)-- (*This fellow rewrites famous poems badly using a thesaurus.*--Ed.)

Hyla Creek

By the month after May our creek's drained
 of ditty and dispatch.
 Sniffed for enormously subsequently,
 it will be ascertained
 Either to have taken leave twiddling under the sod
 (And appropriated with it the whole kit and caboodle
 of the Hyla strain
 That bellowed in the fog thirty days before,
 Similar to spook of bobsled ding-dongs
 in a spook of frozen vapor crystals) -
 Or waxed and grown up in jewelweed,
 Wobbly vegetation that is puffed upon and warped,
 Also counter to the direction the current flowed.
 Its bottom remains a bleached flimsy veneer
 Of defunct petioles cemented jointly by the solar energy
 - A creek to nobody but who recollects lengthy.
 This as it will be viewed is at variance considerably
 Than with creeks appropriated somewhere else in ditty.
 We're nuts about the things we're nuts about
 for what they are.

&

Waste Stations

Frozen vapor crystals and whoopee time flopping
 swift-footed, oh swift-footed
 In a glebe I ogled into proceeding through,
 And the terrain nearly socked in, monotonous
 in frozen vapor crystals,
 But a sprinkling of unwanted plants and short-ends
 exhibiting hindmost.

The copse surrounding it possesses it -
 it belongs to them.
 Each and every mobile organism is asphyxiated
 in their excavations.
 I am excessively split-psyched to score;
 The detachment incorporates me ignorantly.

And troglodytic as it is, that detachment
 Will be additionally troglodytic before
 it will be circumcised -
 A vacuous pallidity of dusky frozen vapor crystals
 With no articulation, neither hide nor hair to declare.

They cannot panic me with their unfurnished communities
 Sandwichwise astral bodies - on astral bodies
 where no anthropoid breed is.
 I possess it in me so much more handy to asylum
 To panic myself with my own waste stations.

*

CHUCK PINION--(*No address indicated but probably U.S.
 This would make a great punk lyric.--Ed.*)

leather jesus

WHACK ME THWACK ME leather jesus
 LET ME HOLD YOU BY THE kneesus
 TAKE ME IN YOUR HEART TODAY
 LOVE ME IN THAT SPECIAL WAY

OH jesus PULL MY HAIR
 JUMPIN' jesus I DON'T CARE

KICK ME HURT ME leather jesus
 THAT'S THE PAIN THAT REALLY pleases
 TWIST MY ARM AND BUST MY LIPS
 MAN THAT MAKES ME MOVE MY HIPS

jesus BEAT ME TILL THEY STARE
 OH jesus I DON'T CARE

OH jesus PULL MY HAIR
 BEAT ME BLACK AND BLUE UNTIL THEY STARE
 leather jesus I DON'T CARE

BLIFFOR WOULD (U.S.A.) -- (*Now for some haiku.* -- Ed.)

Underground pressures
erupting steam and hot spray --
I've got to pee.

In tickling my balls
fart bubbles in bath water
remind me of you.

from daydreams of you
walls and ceilings splattered
by my ecstatic squirts

me, bloated
by a fart
imploded

Lather, scrapes, ouch, blood --
before shaving I should've
popped that damn pimple.

up from the toilet,
my arced stream catheterizing itself
back into me

*

M. E. GLADDEN (Country unknown)

Sunrise

Elongnated fingers
slivers of light
Eroding the darkness.
Emerging-
slowly emitting day.
Embroidering the virgin snow
with pinnacles of fire,
devouring the elusive mist,
smoking on slanted roof.
Blinding-
eliminating elaborate
frost paintings
engulfing the sky.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (Probably U.S.A.)

My Baby Doll

My baby doll she sit on my bed, after I have make it up and put on it a brown spread.

I comb her hair and she seems to smile, because most of the time she look kind of wild.

I love this doll, she is make out of cotton and is a little black doll.

I have had her ever scent 1969, her named is Dee Dee and is not very big.

She is steel very new and pretty too. I don't like for people to come in and threw her around or hold her to long.

My baby doll that sit on my bed I think I'll going to keep her until the cotton fall out of her and her head is left.

★

RUTH WARBURTON (Britain)

IMPRESSIONS OF FIRST LOVE

My love for you shines on and on
Just like the moon, its' never gone
When I'm asleep, you're in my dreams
When I'm awake, you're what I need
You're always there, you're never not
I'm glad because, I love you lots
And so this rhyme is at an end
To tell you that you're more than 'friend'

("...you're never not." That's truly inspired.--Ed.)

ERNEST NOYES BROOKINGS (U.S.A.)-- (*Brookings was "discovered" in a nursing home by David Greenberger, publisher of DUPLEX PLANET, and has become a posthumously famous cult figure in American poetry. For further information, write to DUPLEX PLANET, P.O. Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866.--Ed.*)

Typewriter

Typewriter an alphabet key machine
 For translating dictated notes
 Frequently typist a local village queen
 To whom is given clamorous confirming votes

Used in homes, ships, offices, stores and schools
 Commercial farms, dining rooms, cafe and depot
 Frequently the typists disobey golden rule
 But enjoy operating her several china teapots

In a small home private lighted office
 Please take notes of the oral verbal dictation
 The pastor's home -- front door is office
 Suggest of repair a slight oil application

One key said to 25 alphabetic brothers
 Is there any kink in your multiple joint?
 Regardless please don't noisily smother
 One reason Statue of Liberty upward points

One morning the typist full of glee
 Tapped all the keys to produce words
 Occasionally on a jaunty evening spree
 Some of my best animal friends are birds.

&

January

January first month of a year
 Contains dates of many natal births
 Frequently enjoy a toxic Milwaukee beer
 The Atlantic and all the oceans having a rolling surf

While in a many patron coffee shop
 One male to female pal -- would you like to dance?

She -- yes, together did a shimmy hop
With a final snuggling tense prance

At a family home around dinner table
Mother to her children -- did you attend school?
Yes mother we all are really able
And obey the old time golden rule

At a refreshment stand at outdoor camp
One pal to another -- would you like a shot of gin?
Yes, but hold on there's a hole in your pants
And gin may result in a body spin.

&

Spectacle Eye Glasses

Spectacle eye glasses
Are used to clarify vision
If careless, result -- smashes
If tight over ears slight incision

Held in the end of side opening case
Name and address identification
Do not enter any fast race
Unless a total certification

Single lens distant much close
Outside the retaining case
Heat too low for a roast
No material goes to waste

Not heat resistant
Actually no pain
Continually persistent
With the sunshine or rain

Do not ring, always silent
But their lenses are clear
Avoid any incident violent
Have specialized a queer

Said one to his brother --
Are you breathing in rhyme
Or have a stifling smother
Let's hum auld lang syne.

SURLLAMA (U.S.A.)

judas

table.
i always
never speak to them.i never listen
to a bowl
dead asleep
was pulling the hairs out of his head into my
soup i pulled my bowl away
"Frogs?...i used to like...frogs"

&

ulna wave

become of hair his limbo tafa
would hold all before the
dream-spattered pinkie I will never
forget that popcorn; sorcerous
grape juice In walked his head on
the floor ten commandments. flabby
and Turks punching bags bald
though made slapped with papier-
mache the nose counting in front
of the ice-cream suit

&

segue

The dark indeed rents The only bitter
esophagus ended in inhalation What if
God fried when the power-company vault
went up the mice in the back of her
head finished lightly buttering the first
two slices of toast

&

Laura had eaten their table helping her
eaten their customers too, her car door
now a ten inch deep puddle
that grew drastically down
every bite

WILLIAM WARD (U.S.A.)

W.W. III

The noise had busted holes through my skull.
And the chemicals softened up my brain.
My eyes fell on the ground,
and they looked back up at me,
and my skin was red from all the purple rain.

The sun cried itself to total darkness.
And the moon was wearing such a saddened frown.
The trees began to die,
and I knew my eyes were lost.
So I gave up looking 'cause there was no ground.

Suddenly it rained basketballs in the dessert.
And the clouds above turned into silver spoons.
And the radiator melted,
and the walls came tumbling down.
And soon all of the temples turned to ruins.

Then the toilet flushed itself into the kitchen.
As the sea began to flow up to the door.
And the postman rang the bell,
as the dog chewed on his ear.
AND NO ONE, WON THE THIRD WORLD WAR.

*

LEONARD NIMOY (U.S.A.)--(*Ripped off from his book
Come Be With Me, Blue Mountain Press, 1978.--Ed.*)

In the desert
I learned about heat

In the snow
I learned about cold

When you left
I learned about lonely

(*When I read this poem, I learned about nausea.--Ed.*)

&

Rocket ships
Are exciting
But so are roses
On a birthday

Computers are exciting
But so is a sunset

And logic
Will never replace
Love

Sometimes I wonder
Where I belong
In the future
Or
In the past

I guess I'm just
An old-fashioned
Space-man

*

JUNE UTECHT (U.S.A.)

Changes

Small fragments of tradition
tossed to a gypsy wind
forever remains a promise
made easy to rescind.

Caravan now moving
gusts driven by yesterday
stir every imagination
carrying it astray.

Challenge a new direction
wailing violins play
blowing pieces of ideals
being swept away.

AUBREY NORONHA (Canada)--(*I met this guy on the street and tried to get a whole manuscript out of him, but he was suspicious of my motives.--Ed.*)

Promises

Promises are secrets,
 Secrets to successful thinking
 Hopes of one's opinion.
 Promises to make
 Are wishes come true
 Promises to keep,
 Are beginnings of to-morrow
 Expectations to reasoning.

Promises, Promises
 Broken promises,
 Be a winner,
 Or be a loser -
 Targets facing reality.

False promises -
 Matters of corruption,
 Lust for power,
 Dreams avenged.

Promises failing,
 Our behaviour outrageous.
 But who is to
 Keep those promises?
 To fulfill our duties
 To gain satisfaction.

★

CHARLES E. COHN (U.S.A.)-- (*As Shakespeare said, brevity is the soul of wit.--Ed.*)

WIND ON A MOUNTAIN TRAIL

A sudden Bronx cheer from below
 A whiff of excrement
 Then all is pristine again

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (Probably U.S.A.)--(*Here's a hard-hitting protest poem I saved from my vanity press job in the early 70's.--Ed.*)

Everything is happening so fast today
Til those listening to my voice won't hear what I say
They're practicing cultranasia and genocide under
medical technology.
Keeping the poor down with simple psychology

Whats so funny about the thing are going on
And how the nation crime rate ain't even slowing
Moving twice as fast cause our culture made it twice as
hard
Would you know that thirty-nine cent want to buy a pound
of lard

Don't even think that it'll be better tomorrow
Cause people don't blink their eyes and forget about
sorrow
Sorrow that was given to them as anemancipation gift
And designed a burden that an elephant would hate the
lift

See everybody expect for us to smile and turn our cheeks
We tried that method but it just couldn't be
Like nuclearar power, man wasn't ready for it
Like our cheeks people of the world don't know when
it'll hit.

We've tried a many ways to get along
From eating from the back window to singing civil rights
songs
Which were good in their own time and day.
Eattng cheese, laying on our backs waiting for a better
way
Just won't get it done in this world today.

(*"Eattng cheese, laying on our backs..." Now, there's
a nugget of gold.--Ed.*)

SCOTT DE BLOIS (Canada)--(*You're not going to believe this one!*--Ed.)

YOU MUST BE JOKING

Cosmic sex box
flying through the leap year
Happening in the Crab Nebula
Blue car wax
Clinging
to my mother's bloomers
Test tube termites
Chomping their way
into portals of metal disk trees
from the land of was
Ear lard smackings
with toe ham trappings
Underneath the third mood of Pluto
Yes I think it was
However the Owl
can't be sure
quite yet
The dilating cucumbers
feel ostentations in
the pluming pinkness of
Whispy vapors
Slipping into neon vissisitudes
Exit the comic toads
that fart eeirieness
into the oriface of time
on giant particles of something
Echoing
off into
the distant divide
Why is the rice
precisely in league
with the butter
on plastic plates
for reproates
rolling in and out
of the fourth dimension
like acrobatic minions
of the unknown nation?
Two lips
of oval elasticity

leaking electricity
upon the fleshy pole
Activating the transient neurons
into a happy frenzy
in anticipation of the
head cheese morning
of organic tunes
Say yes to this
trip of doom.

*

KITTEN JEAN STEVENSON (U.S.A.)

Life as Lived

If there were not food in our house
We would squeek like a mouse
If there were no love in our home
We would be bums and just roam

If we had no body that cared
Our troubles could not be shared
If we grew up too fast
Our maturity would not last

If the sky were not blue
The sun the moon just the two
If there were not snow
Everyone would lose their masty glow

If there were not work
Everyone would become a jerk
If there were not water
We'd all look like an otter

Thank you God for these many necessities
Life is really full of possibilities

JAMES SIPLE (Canada) -- (*My only comment on this one is "Wow."--Ed.*)

NO NAME

speak of old Israel
but the old world settles before
old Israel the old settlement is in the
triangle of three,
the natives known of them
lost the knowledges
when old israel belief come
to truth the truth of the lost manuscripts
Israels matter not the other freedom and
death of black death

the children circle I speak of
I am part of, not the master races,
children who was part of the master races
we seen from the distance
the wisdom ones teach them like poison
thought,
but the thought that wanted them not rise
again
but the children circle to rise again
but the fears the seconds said make the
master races rise up
I am part of the children circles
who wrote about the circles not the words of
the master races
who kill for pure,
the children circles if of peaces
plowman, of peace and the universal itself

I the children circle
understand the plowman who gone blind
the wisdom ones touch the tears
the plowman seen his family in the master
race death
the children circles seen the master race
death
the four who seen the hate symbol removed it
from the any chronicle records
the faces of the starving childrens in the
camp they wish

they could feed them
 still i seen him the old guardian
 before the children circles break up
 said to me remember the starving childrens
 old isreals begin in the eyes of old man
 who was once the starving children
 now the children of circles are mens or old
 men to the children itself
 but the old guardian weeps still haunt me
 so tonight at the camps.

*

DOMMINICK LOMBARDI (U.S.A.)

MOSES

Moses, Moses, King of the Jews,
 led the Israelites without any shoes
 through troubled times and out of despair,
 led them to a land so fair.
 Pharaoh's daughter saw
 Him, floating down the Nile,
 in a basket of straw.
 Wrapped in a blanket of peasant style,
 the little baby brought her a smile.
 She called him Moses right from the start,
 and took this baby into her heart.
 Pharaoh's daughter
 took him from the water.

A land so sweet of milk and honey
 where they could keep their hard earned
 money,
 across the desert and through the Red Sea
 he led them to be. They did flee.

*

ALEX DUENSING (U.S.A.)

My dog's pink anus
 It's real heinous
 I like to watch it drainus
 Someday it will be famous

ELIZABETH SALTZ (U.S.A.)

THOUGHT

What is thought?
It floats onward
influences the mind,
it leads to knowledge.

The thinking machine
functions by pressing a button
it relieves the mind,
of tedious problems.

The machine is mans best friend
no task is too small or too large,
it is ready to solve problems,
it summarizes, edits and explains.

It is a great problem solver
it is like a robot,
adjusts to every mood,
it is accurate and complete.

The machine facilitates work,
the mind is relaxed,
saves strain and nerve wracking work
more can be accomplished by using it.

★

G. M. GARDEN (U.S.A.)

Charm

her nipples turn
like the knobs on a radio
I spend hours twisting them

one falls free
I taste it
then put it in my pocket

I shall save it with me forever

KAREN MACCORMACK (Canada)-- (*Very Important Poet--
Ed.*)

/error

Rapunzel all down gold voyeur street excuse for
did he say so soon that's the point of leading nowhere

perception is not a singular event
if this field takes place in the fingers grasp
demarcation by
exerting pleasure on both and hybrids almost dance but
even
not irregular movement but through a height not over
scramble and toss again the knife is real the day might
be and one can
believe the sun is shining

this easier than dry
the lungs, swans, arms, beaks nervous severally
but someone wants a system and ordered a golden frame
devour on both sides of the mirror
cuneiform met custodian but not to name names
there is a logarithm for any act conceived by
interference
the individual period at the end of the sentence the
sentence precedes
the plural possibility

of enactment
walking again
pages of letters the span of hips dusk aroma a word to
place
why is that woman crying and home does not exist
familiarity of the habitual
does the ability to hold anything assume passion and
liaison meet more often than
door and knock

what little is left cannot be preserved but discovered
skidding and the alphabet aren't all that different worn
away
contagious brevity
there might be a dance away from here
sewing moves (not in the sense walking is)

once met with left going to another not yet there
 haunted by other structures waiting in tent symptoms of
 a room
 the back of that page is front of the next
 trumpet saliva and a life on its own
 know no radio
 the removal of the expedition
 would a concert please her to a ticket one accordingly
 any mystery resorts to nostalgia
 from all sides not photographic but sculptural
 generations of theft a forebear makes of descendants
 apt in inappropriate
 shorn and floating drawn to trees
 the rearrangement of banter to agreement suffer to
 curtail

*

JOHN GRUBE (Canada)-- (*Teaches creative writing at O.C.A.--Ed.*)

BOOT CAMP

This is think tank no. 1. The induction officer posits
 the elimination of time. Our time. Space is curved.
 Now, Sarge, out of the think tank double-quick with the
 answer!

I relaxed in think tank no. 2. This was one you hired by
 the hour. You ate, breathed and dreamed California Zen.
 Finally a dog barked. Time up!

Then think tanks no. 3, 4, 5, and 6. We drew parabolas
 on the walls, soon effaced with steam. Andrew gave me a
 sixth sense, I loosened my grip. His big, round, saucer
 eyes thrilled to the vibrations of love. This was not a
 think tank at all I discovered. It was a tank top worn
 by muscular guards. We swore eternal friendship when we
 should have been restoring homosexuals to honour in the
 forces. It was that kind of war.

CHARLES BERNSTEIN (U.S.A.)-- (*Very Important Poet*
--Ed.)

EGG UNDER MY FEET

gOP thItS biG GOBBie bucket,
seLls lik reiNdeEr haRwAre
bUj thAz's na thwat poont, flin
ferg juS brEaGinG ab gez laSto
flubper. Whaz is maze,
INTendeant to dEep fray ap ferg
exum(p)les twishting the roop
off'n unt goatee's buck. FOgem
frumptious besqualmitity,
voraxious flumpf. Hig ick's
wippy. Schlrp, fluuted, pissy-
podded. Blukeron atootle
noncious. Ablum ndit
clupilizittior. Fuzz,
gandapper, fillbooninous
claavqwate. Elevantine glopps
chutdle millipex -- fums, forgash,
forbotame, fumumzyizer.

*(If an infinite number of such poets are seated at an
infinite number of typewriters, sooner or later one of
them will write a good poem.--Ed.)*

*

C. DAVID HAY (U.S.A.)-- (*And now for something po-
litically incorrect.--Ed.)*

Vivisection

Dissecting little puppy dogs
Really is great fun,
Taking out their innards
Just to see what makes them run.
And when we're thru with
All their parts --
They're going to be so fine.
We'll put them back together...
Just like Frankenstein!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN-- (*The next two are from my vanity press file, initialed "J.W." and dated 7-17-72. No address but probably U.S. again.--Ed.*)

TROUBLED CLAY

Man is Borned, That qualifies,
A Prying eye, to balance the files,
Becomes a son, in life demands,
Tied to nothing loves free to plan.

Holds to something, its a need,
Some a Religeon others a creed,
And as life has a way of fowling up,
In law Demands, Holds a empty cup.

Clay cries;
Oh potter, Who made me thus,
Full of Ignorance and made in dust,
This Bog to which I, m bound,
Enlighten this shallow Ground.

I am blind and cannot shed.
By things that bind and by them lead,
Makes my rest strain and stress,
Leaves me lifeless, death my dress.

I have a longing to know,
Why life in body treats me so,
Weakness comes from this fog,
Ignorance, The miry Bog.

A hint in life, Tis but a taste,
Heart to Quicken, a running pace,
To see beyond this carnal state,
Elates the soul, Builds estate.

As I stumble Just to Know,
Brightens the tide and by it shows,
Happiness, tis life in me,
Forever yours, Love, and free.

Ape the Thoughts

All has nature with two sides,
 Lots of Fight, Yet love Instride,
 Fight for things thats of need,
 Love by things, Gathered in Deeds.

Deeds are Golden opportunities,
 The golden loves for you, for me,
 For hearts of evil ways,
 Shows the man, crippled, displays.

Love has many mysteries ways,
 Spoke in centuries, yet true today,
 Creates one for Aggervations,
 Darkness Enlightens, by cultivation.

Love, Just being you and by my side,
 I found in you, love abides,
 Gives of strength, with no end,
 As love of you leads and blends.

Just as peter of old,
 Found his life to behold,
 That a fisherman, a Ignorant man,
 Full he was by lifes plans.

Peoples wants are to survive,
 Seeks to produce, open and wide,
 See with the heart, by another face,
 No Human nature can ape or trace.

*

G. HASS (U.S.A.)-- *(Passed along by my man in Cleveland, who informs me Mr. Hass works in a car wash.--Ed.)*

The Brave

Only
 The brave go out,
 Where the dead scream and shout.
 The ones who stayed out too long,
 Are gone.

&

From Teddy With Love

Hug me, hold me tight,
My big protector, pure delight.
Your warmth is mine,
My breath, my friend divine.
Take me with you in your dreams,
Through candied lakes and chocolate streams...
Friends forever, you and me....

&

Dear Corporation

Dear major mega multinational
Corporation,
Without the slightest shade or shadow of
Reservation,
I would ask for your aid and assistance.
Please,
Save the human race.

Certain changing corporate conditions,
Not with standing,
Permanent profit is with the people,
Understanding,
Answers to all things are available.
Please,
Save the human race.

Make some monumental maneuvers.
Show some daring.
Create concern in your constituents,
Profit sharing,
Albeit alluring to an award.
Please,
Save the human race.

Imagine the immediate image,
Very noble
Myriad of new multiple markets,
Greatly global,
Having arranged agreeable angles,
Please,
Save the human race.

Deftly destroying destructive designs,
 Redesigning.
 Massive and mighty manipulation,
 Redefining.
 Having ample abundance of all means,
 Please,
 Save the human race.

Sincerely,
 A Racing Human

*

DEGVILLE (Britain)--(*A note on the original manuscript page indicates that "This is in the shape of a deathburger." I regret that I'm unable to reproduce the design. Okay, take a deep breath now...--Ed.)*)

McMurder (The Tongue that Tastes the Suffering)

The tongue that tastes the suffering has just begun,
 As red ketchup-blood oozes from my sesame-seed McBun.
 Whilst my teeth slowly sink into a corpse that is my
 deathburger,
 I finally realize that by consuming death I am participating in McMurder.
 No matter what people say, come slaughter day, animals
 know that they are to die:
 You will wince, as living flesh is pounded into mince,
 while hooved spectators cry.
 Behind abattoir doors, their fear gnaws, as peaceful
 animals huddle in fright:
 In the panicing throng, they know it will not be long,
 until they feel the gherkin bite.
 As a peace-loving bovine, faces McMurder's guillotine,
 she does clearly understand:
 When the chain-saw does hum, she tries to run, and is
 held back by two bloody hands.
 If a calf was at a McMurder restaurant, would you really
 want, yet another,
 When the calf cries, from sad brown eyes, because you
 are eating its mother?
 But from her grave, for you McMurder has saved, her
 bloodied corpse;
 From the abattoir, so that you may savour, her flesh

dipped in sauce.

The taste of suffering on my tongue goes on,
For the death encased in a sesame-seed McBun.
I guiltily wipe away the smear of ketchup-blood,
From the fleshy corpse who in life only ate cud.
For that blameless animal's suffering, I have no relief,
As I feel its flesh ripping through my blood-stained
teeth.

The distress of McMurder fills my head,
When I hear the crying wails of the slaughtered dead.
Can you hear its pain as the knife draws near?
As you carve open its flesh, can you smell the fear?
We must remember that we are what we choose to eat:
And so we may choose tranquil karma or bloodied meat.
So, profiting the wages of McMurder let us cease:
Only then can we ever learn to grow with inner peace.
If we commit McMurder and greedily consume McDeath,
Inner harmony disappears and only suffering is left.
To have world peace, we need not just rounds of arms-
talks,

When at possibilities of inner karma we do so baulk.
Our pre-historical ancestors ate only organic crops:
But on our "civilized" world, atom bombs will surely
drop.

Our taste for McMurder will wipe out the human chain,
Obliterating the human species like the hand of Kane.
Think of all that McMurdered suffering within:
Think of all that slaughter bursting through your sweaty
skin:

Think of all that torture flooding through your pores,
As that innocent animal wonders what it died for.
Think of the animal's McMurder stabbing at your brain,
Reminding you of their unnecessary and savage pain.
The tongue that speaks of suffering in this narrative,
Trembles as blood flows from my deathburger with chemi-
cal additives,

The same chemicals that McMurder pumped into heifers to
make them fat,

Whilst he sharpened his vicious blade, their tender
limbs he would hack.

In putrid stench, their lives are wrenched, so that you
may carve with your knife.

With cannibalistic greed, upon their corpses you will
feed, poisoning your own life.

Their lives are packaged in a McBun, and the taste of

suffering lingers on, as I write:
 Whilst streams of blood, the abattoir floor does flood,
 for their McMurdered plight.
 The tortured whines, of the little swines, who howl in
 their sty:
 Do sob, as their lives are robbed, and oink at the world
 goodbye.
 Pig flesh, is said to taste of human flesh, in a ham-
 burger,
 And to turn a blind eye, as animals die, is McMurder.
 As ketchup-blood seeps from my sesame-seed McBun,
 The taste of suffering still goes on.
 Death of an innocent heifer in my dreams, at my soul
 screams.
 Enjoy the taste of blood;
 In your teeth it floods.
 There is nothing appetizing about McChicken:
 It is at dead flesh that you are licking.
 There is nothing warming about McNuggets:
 From the abattoir, they have dug it.
 Feel the taste of flesh;
 Savour an animal's death.
 The tongue that tasted the death is done,
 As I throw up all over my sesame-seed McBun.

&

(This one was performed at the Caldmere Peoples' Festival in 1989. Sorry as hell that I missed it.--Ed.)

Lesbians don't Die from AIDS

I lie hot and withered in this hospital bed
 And know that, soon, I shall be dead.
 Sterilized bandages cover my sorry face;
 Infected by a plague that's killing the race.
 AIDS' belt is wrapped around my sickly frame:
 Proved my manhood, but forgot their names.
 Want to know what its like to die from AIDS?
 The disease that's on this bloody rampage?
 Take my message back to our sexist nation
 And shout it out loud to the population:
 Lesbians don't die from AIDS!

So - I'm dying from AIDS and I fear,

That the Reaper approaches, near.
My last victim already lies dead;
An unsuspecting playmate in bed.
Oh - she died to prove my sexuality:
My irresponsible, sexist virility!
Ironically, she was a nurse I'd met:
(Although her memory of me soured with regret)
This latest conquest, you know, the nurse,
Well - carried away, was she, in a herse.
Lesbians don't die from AIDS.

I think now:
My promiscuity could've been cut down,
Then I'd not have spread AIDS around town.
I didn't worry about poisoning the female sex,
But dried my prick and said, "Who's next?"
I didn't really have to put women in their grave,
When all of us from the Reaper could've been saved.
I didn't really have to defile my nursing girl,
The last to whom I lied and took out for a whirl.
Oh, she was very happy before she met me!
She didn't have to die for my masculinity!
Lesbians don't die from AIDS!

The woman with a condom feels like a tart,
As she searches for romance and a true heart;
But she only needs to sleep with men,
To catch AIDS - and then
(Because she has slept with a man but once)
She is liable to become AIDS' tragic dunce.
Yes, you really died in my arms that night
And yes, I can still remember your fright,
When I told you that you now have AIDS.
Was it worth the orgasms we made,
Or those that you had to fake,
To satisfy my bloated ego's sake?
Lesbians don't die from AIDS.

Now its my turn to be in a doomed condition:
My fate, I realize, with agonized frustration.
To die horribly from sex,
Its not really complex.
If you don't wise up
And your mind is shut,
Then a place in the mortuary will be made,

To greet you when you die from AIDS.
 Unlike me, you can have a good time,
 Hearing not the Deathbells chime.
 Yes, from this torment you can be saved:
 Listen to me very carefully -

LESBIANS DON'T DIE FROM AIDS!

*

JAKE BERRY (U.S.A.)-- (*A suitable counterpoint to
 Degville.--Ed.*)

Devotion

The way the piss splatters in the bucket
 The way the vomit stains the rug
 The way the cat anoints her litter
 With ammonia sweet & bowel mud

The way the armpit reeks at evening
 The way the semen dries like glue
 The way the mucus clogs our senses
 That's the way I love you.

*

TOM SCULLIN (U.S.A.)

USERS LOSERS SNOOZERS

societal vomit
 preying pidgeons perched on peels
 economies bent on steal
 manufacturing mindless machine nations
 rent not one but all relations
 topped off abysses of unwanton appeal
 foundry for a generation yet to unseal
 produced banalities under a landfill carpet swept
 that progeny will ungrave much to their regret

enter sleepers of lost vendors
 betray renters of uncarpeted mentors.

(*Huh?--Ed.*)

MINNIE DALTON (U.S.A.)--(Minnie published several thick books of poetry with Exposition Press when I worked for them. She was a rich, old lady from Virginia, whose world-view was rose-colored to an extreme. These three specimens are typical.--Ed.)

CREATIVE PEOPLE

Creative people do good,
Doing things that they should.
Creative people are bad
When they make the whole world sad.

Creative people can prove
That life is good when they move.
Creative people are right
To make a good world with might.

Creative people can tell
When the world is doing well.
Creative people have space
To give the world a new face.

Creative people do good
Where pillars of hope stood.
They left a foundation stone
That all the world can find and own.

&

CATTLE

The cattle look lonely
When walking in the snow,
They only follow paths
Where they are told to go.

They search for the feed trough
The scattered bits of hay,
They like green grass better,
Prefer it any day.

They try to find shelter,
To stay away from harm,
When snow is in the wind

It is hard to keep warm.

The cattle look lonely,
With earnest begging eyes,
The sun has just come out,
What a happy surprise!

&

BLUEBIRDS

Bluebirds are for happiness,
Nesting in the cherry tree,
Children love and watch them,
They are so happy and free.

Apple blossom petals fall
When the little bluebirds fly,
Children watch their flitting wings,
Silhouetted against the sky.

Little birds eat the cherries,
Little children are so glad
They most gladly share the fruit,
The little birds are not bad.

Bluebirds are for happiness,
They make springtime bright and gay,
The world is a better place
When the bluebirds come to stay.

*

JOEL KUPER (Canada) -- (*No bluebirds here.* -- Ed.)

Die Screaming

don't whisper,
scream and spit blood in front of
you while sharpening your teeth
for the upcoming feast of corpses
dripping green pus oozing through
hollow eye sockets that once witnessed
the celestial spheres of fog being
burned away by a blazing sun that is

now a part of life on the surface
 while you conduce to the decay of
 your once glorious body by opening
 your mouth and letting the rainwater
 run through to wash your memories away
 down into the abyss where once wild,
 now dry, october roses rot and stink
 with fetid waves of slumber to prepare
 your body for the surge of howling
 yellow eyed wolves and the surfeit of
 your putrid soul by loved ones smiling
 and singing while they tear you apart
 piece by piece and indulge on the
 sweet coppery taste of your blood
 dripping down the sides of their mouths
 chewing and crunching your bones so
 they won't choke and vomit their prize
 as deep yellow piss runs down their
 legs collecting in pools at their feet
 amongst the gathering worms.

Die screaming
 so you will get used to it.

*

MICHAEL GREGOROVICH (Canada)

T-O-R-O-N-T-O

Name the place you want to go
 T-O-R-O-N-T-O
 O-N-T-A-R-I-O
 That's the place I wanna go.
 I want to run to Toronto
 Where Kimosabe met Tonto
 And there's no tornados
 To harm the tomatoes,
 Toronto.
 Where's the place you wanna be, eh?
 Back in C-A-N-A-D-A,
 North A-M-E-R-I-C-A
 That's the place I wanna be, eh.

(Sorry, couldn't find any North York poems.--Ed.)

ERNIE FREEDOM (Canada)--(*Ernie is from Montreal and is rapidly becoming a cult figure in bad poetry circles.*
--Ed.)

Bill 101 Goalie

I'm a bill 101 goalie
I save the language
& I save pucks
All the Anglo players
Well, they're shit out of luck.

(chorus)
Pourquoi stopper la rondelle
Quand je peux l'arrêter?

I'm a bill 101 goalie
I line my pads
w the charter of rights
if you skate by my crease
I'm gonna start up a fight.

(chorus)

Je suis le gardien-de-but
pour la loi 101
voyez-vous mon defence--
Jacques Parizeau
et Gilles Rheaume!

(chorus)

*

GLORIA LUMZER (U.S.A.)

RAIN

It's drops of water thats can be small, big, wet, warm,
cold, many and few,
It's there to remind us that without it we can't start
a new.

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE (U.S.A.)-- (*A Romanian exile, Smarandache has been published in Morocco and France and is one of the originators of what he calls the Paradoxist Movement.--Ed.*)

DIALOGUE OF DEAF PERSONS

- Are you an American?
- No, I am another.
- Are you a tourist?
- No, I am two ones,
for I'm not alone but with me.
- What o'clock is it?
- It is seven o'clock ben.
- Yes, it's seven o'clock at my sock.

*

BEA HENAGHAN (Canada)-- (*I ripped this one off from a York University student magazine.--Ed.*)

WOMAN

I am the woman of your dreams
 dreams gone bad.
 The blood flows
 down between my thighs,
 and I know
 I am woman.
 I do not need you
 or any other,
 no men for me
 no thanks!
 This blood
 from wombs of past women
 mingles together with mine.
 We will be strong
 and fight you,
 you chauvinists, men!

VALERIA MALCOLM BAKER (Canada) -- (*It's amazing what you can find in the Metro Reference Library.*--Ed.)

THE BERTIE FIRE BRIGADE

If you have a fire at your house
Do not be afraid;
We have competent protection
In the Bertie Fire Brigade;
If you see or smell some smoke
And you have suspicions
That electric wire is smouldering
Somewhere in partitions,
Or if you see flames creeping
On furniture or wall,
Do not fret, and be upset
But give the chief a call;
And very soon a big red truck
Will drive up at your door,
And out will climb a dozen men,
Not just three or four.
They attack the problem
Like Sherlock Holmes would do,
Especially the older ones
The Rookies soon will too;
There are firemen of all sizes
Some are fat and some are lean
And they really search the premises
When called upon the scene.
If there's a fire at your house
Do not be afraid,
But be sure to telephone
The Bertie Fire Brigade.

&

THE MAJORETTE

It seems like only yesterday
You were a babe in arms,
And I thought about your future,
Your talent and your charms;
Now you are a majorette,
Marching down the street,
To lead the home town bugle band

With every rhythmic beat;
A very charming picture
In your uniform of red,
A little matching hat so pertly
Placed upon your head;
The golden sequins glitter,
And the light strikes your baton--
I never did see whiter boots
Than those that you have on;
In all your youth and beauty--
But years so swiftly fly--
You soon may have a daughter too,
And be as old as I.

*

ANDREW SAVAGE (Britain)--(*One of Britain's most prolific and most shameless bad poets.--Ed.*)

Enraged Andrew

I was so enraged last night
I just couldn't go to sleep;
You'd had my dear hamster destroyed
And tried to hide this deed from me.

Just because she leapt at you
And bit your fat, hairy neck;
All she wanted was some love,
She was being passionate.

She did not have rabies
Like that daft vet said;
He doesn't know his job,
Has no brain in his head.

You were only jealous
How you hated 'Hammie' so
Because she was my lover
And I want the whole world to know.

&

I Shave the Hairs that Grow At the Ends of My Toes

As the naked moon streaks
Across the blushing sky
Whose embracing hands spread
To cloak his modesty,
While blurred traffic trombones
Through the city silence
It's time for me to steal
To my secret hideaway

Where elves and fauns banquet
With creatures from far stars,
Where magic grows on trees
Who sing with diamond dew;
I say "Hello" to my friends,
We dance until sunrise
Then I take off my socks
To do what I always do.

★

HELEN MCGRORY (U.S.A.)

NUCLEAR POWER

Children of this nuclear age,
all of Heaven's in a rage.
To think mankind could kill all life
in one brief moment, one quick strife!

Nuclear plants, which take our gold
that should feed the poor and old
are you a modern golden calf
to mock the Creator's world
then laugh?

Those precious lives in Middletown
were almost silenced by your frown.
Now, not just Pennsylvanians cry
but all of nature fears to die.
How horrible can mankind be
to mock his God, in this infamy?

ROBERTA MENDEL (U.S.A.)--(*Three nuggets of pure gold panned from the yellowed pages of an obscure tabloid poetry rag.--Ed.*)

MADAME CONTINUITY

Fecund virgin, virgin whore
amidst debris washed ashore
Grow strong, grow sweet, become replete;
bask, strain and struggle, bear new meat.

Dame Nature aids her godless whore
against Satan's sadistic whore;
her time and ice slow, then stop,
Hell's whore, evil's earthly prop,
and debris, again, is washed ashore
for tomorrow's virgin whore.

&

FORK IN THE ROAD

Deep in the attics of the mind,
airy bubbles intertwine
and grow ideas sometime sublime.
Deep in the attics of the mind.

In these rummage dumps of mind,
Delphic dogmas all combine
and golden children fulfill their prime.
In these rummage dumps of mind.

Mystic auras past their prime
give way to quelled intellect unkind
before the Reaper calls in his time
and there are no more ideas sublime.

&

LIVING AND DEATH

With all my faults, my miseries,
I'd still rather be
me,
for as I look about and see

there's no one else I'd rather be.

Unless,
perhaps,
just *maybe*,
a turtle, big or wee,
who
and occasionally,
extends his head for all to see;
or a kitten once free
snuggled in an ivory tree;
or...

No, no!
I'd *still* rather be,
in all my pimpled misery,
one literate dollop on God's eternal tree,
ah me, ah me.

★

KYLE ANGUS MACKENZIE (Canada)

A Jeep Agape

When you whet my dreams,
You sharpen my desires.
You appeal to me
Like a bald tire.
I want to put my axle on your hub
And motor through the night
Down our highway of love.

But Dad won't give me the keys
So I'm left here on my knees
Worshipping at the gas bar of your smile.
Every word you say to me
Is high-octane fumes, you see
My engine won't last me that last mile.

The spark plugs, the windshield bugs
All conspire while I admire
Your shining chrome. I make my home
In your upholstered backseat mire.

DUKE DAVIS (Canada)

Toe-jam
Dreams
of
YESTER-YEAR
And
The girls
of
Sports Illustrated
laugh at my ears.

Dark Nights
of
Hard things
and
tattoos

Later,
in
Prison,
I carved
a
chicken
out of
wood.

*

W. O. HENRY (Canada)

Arc Welding at Dawn

Blow torch me,
Lover.
Fasten me
With your expert hands
To your thighs
For all time.
Cover me with Kno-Rust
So even the
Elements cannot
Separate what
We have done.
Let them look

For the union
Label
On your work (me).
But
What right
Does Local 101
Have in matters
Of the heart?
None.

*

PAT MEDICINE (Canada)

Hai-Ku (Fa-Q)

it's raining
the sky is crying for me
what a sad
motherfucker

*

ISCHMAEL SHMENCZY (Canada)

If I Could Fly

If I could fly,
I would fly above all you mean-hearted fiends,
who make fun of me in dark dorm hall quips
but the windows don't open at Mac Hall
but I have a shotgun and my piles hurt
Piles,
of clouds, racing onwards towards the dawn

If I could fly,
you'd be the first to know, you bastard.
You who gave me a 'C' on an essay you damn well know was
worth B+ -- minimum!
You who wrote
"Poor composition, questionable grammar."
I'll be over your bald, spotty head in a second --
How would you like a Canon AP 200E in the skull you
miserable piece of fuck?

If I could fly, the neighbour's mutt
into the sky, I'd forthright put.
That dog that taunts me in the night
after my gal and I have had a fight.
Fuckin' pooch! Let's you and me both see
how you like a drop from some 200 feet!

If I could fly
into the sky
into the night
up oh so high
then you'd know
you, down below,
how very much superior I am to all of you, you fuckin'
sheep!

*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN-- (*From my Exposition Press file; probably U.S.--Ed.*)

My Mind Cracks

An opening
doesn't reach out to me,
overwhelms me,
won't hold a hand,
evil strong place,
garden lawnchair,
birch branches, sunlit leaves,
bedroom window,
pine needles,
butterfly,
sex,
golf course,
mosquito,
bicycle,
war, wire,
hardware, brick, watermeter,
reach my scottie Charki,
safe from Cong,
astronomic arrow rifles me,
free I see
murk clear
Spirit erase.

LILLIAN NECAKOV (Canada)-- (*Respectable Toronto poet who will probably never speak to me again.--Ed.*)

NOVEMBER: FOSSILS

There is an earthquake
and then ashes
he pulls down his pants
It matters
doesn't matter anymore.

&

MEN IN CRAVATS STOP AND STARE

I remember where I was
that day
when you collapsed and
they all said it was
because you were old
but I knew
there were moments when you
would stop your blood
and sink
like squids
and your skin would
become cool
and you would say
"there will be no more light"

*

RAY DI PALMA (U.S.A.)-- (*Major avant-garde poet from New York.--Ed.*)

A Fabric

These slow
words are
the stumps
and outposts
of the motionless

The disquiet
corroding the

scruples

The secret
absences a
heap ahead

Suspensions's
mixed pitch
stirring premonition
with more
universal speculations
salutes the
abstract and
sparse

The unavoidable
populates
the inner life
bracketing comparisons
with everything
formulated by progression
unreadable ideas (Cough!--Ed.)
chasing allusions

What wilderness
would fulfill
it just peels away
chartered dominions
overrun by
spontaneous concessions
valorized momentum (Give me a break.--Ed.)
logged in some
blatant point to point

Are you up there?
This is the chimed de luxe.
The architectural bait of the notioned-out.
Parallels and practices with nothing to afford
but a second place in which to wait.
Ruptured thunder chosen for its participation
in the remembered past.
A manhunt and random reconciliation in
the chill.
Half face, half beggar's blade.

In the thinking- an acorn of light.
 Listen to the stars and dwarf this coincidence.
 Face down in the mud excavate the mastered.
 Infinity has its distinct strands in the seasonal.
 Months of anomaly then the blue snows.
 A little bit more about the mistake's fortune.
 Candor and its prattle accruing like the tides.

Deadpan
 Perpetrators of the denouement
 The space that signs the postulate is first
 marked 'wait' then flashes red
 Deadpan as Pontiac
 The approximate divided into categories is
 intricate and leaves a ring
 Option's fossil (*"Option's fossil"?--Ed.*)
 Recondite as the bone in use
 Brass in falsetto
 Brothers and sisters in fettle
 Outflanking the primordial adjective with a
 second thought

Of awe
 the face forward
 and the well-turned
 phrase

The mechanisms that brag of mood
 A game of ditchball and stainpulse
 The shivering stem draws a map
 Is what eludes
 And when poured into the eager light is
 still the property of a starving few
 Not a holocaust of consequences but a cab ride
 that becomes an aspect of history
 How you do
 How you used the word five years ago
 Not your sense of it nor an analysis of same
 The permanent properties of something different
 A bracketed torsion
 An oasis of pretext
 Squaring the compass around the voice
 Not speech but the naming

Over the chocolate sped so I lately gathered
 What thought of what first
 The word *looked* for
 The immortal music of a dead hand
 Just as it took place
 The face a hole
 The meteor's path through the roof to the grand piano
 In the espionage of claims another claim is made
 When the key is swallowed an advocate of these certain
 proportions begins to make his way
 How and so
 Many to listen

*

IVAN E. ROTH (U.S.A.)

HUNZA TYPE POEM

cole slaw for brains
 snot tastes like ammonia smell
 backwards pineapple seatcovers
 ba-wa ba-wa ba-wa in jamaican
 head baskets balanced
 hopalong, cassidy! we'll
 see to it you get the proper
 procedure
 it's all comin' to you buddy!
 forget those silly x-rays!
 we can get everything working
 with a couple of extension cords
 relax with some Shelley Berman records
 play hollywood gin penny a point?
 rewrite the crucifixion for fun?!
 remember all those ashtray rosaries
 Spencer Tracy good jobs
 file cabinet time bombs?
 oh there goes the percolator!
 babababababop bababababop
I'm In The Mood For Love

BRIAN OSBORNE (Canada)--(*Definitely one of my major discoveries.--Ed.*)

YEAR 2001

I woke up this morning with a flash of white light
 It was very early, it should have been night
 The clouds were ablaze, the city a mess
 Then I noticed my baby's bubbling flesh.
 I lay unaffected, no nuclear harm
 As I watched radiation melt my baby's arm
 A radioactive symbol formed a tattoo
 It blistered her arm, it grew and it grew
 Small little blisters the size of a pin
 They filled with blood and puss that ballooned her fare
 skin.

She cried in pain unbearable and started to scream
 She begged me to tell her "It is just a bad dream."
 I couldn't stay collected, I couldn't stay cool
 As I watched her melt on the lead pedestal.

She wore a gown made from silk of white
 Her face lost beauty, now pain and now fright.
 As the blisters covered her body and face
 They burst with great pressure, blood all over the place
 She kept her legs together, held her arms straight from
 her side
 That is the position she kept until the moment she died.

I could do nothing
 I watched and I cried.

There will be no tomorrow
 No girls. No boys.
 They've all been melted by the powers war toys
 It can be prevented, this world disgrace.
 It is time to stop threatening the whole human race.

&

WRONG OR RIGHT

What is the difference between wrong and right
 They keep telling me it is as obvious as day and night
 But it seems I just can't see it

That may be wrong
I see.
But I cannot be forced to believe it
Because perfection is full of flaws
Take for example Santa Claus
Who is right? Who is wrong?
When they teach us dreams of liable
Who is wrong? Who is right?
In this society based on the bible
For marketing reasons excepts liable.

How can I love a leather mask
Or believe in a silk screen photograph
Is cubism a lazy front
It is easy to believe since
Picasso was a sleazy runt
Impressionist decreasing fear
Monet stood proud
Degas sold out
While VanGogh mailed his ear
So tell me now perfection's clear
While Georges Seurat
Made life from dots
Jackson Pollock MR. Obscene
Splattered disgust on his screen
And he pleased the righteous masses
While Mr. Dali was excepted by the pope
For surreal pictures of sodomised asses
Only you can teach the rightful class
Forget the money
Forget the fame
Forget them all, play your own game
Because no one but you will take the blame
Worship your karma
Live your own shame.

&

LAUNDRY

To think without anything
To think without thought
Gaining expression from proxy
Like your girlfriends socks
Clinging to your laundry like leaches on kids.

&

SNOWTOPS

Virgins on the mountains
Dressed in white lace
With visions of freedom and sperm on their face.

As the breezes blow their hair
The sunlight enhances their eyes
They smile smiles of innocence; smiles of lust.

White lace dresses in the wind
Float like butterfly wings
Skin made of cream, soft and white
So smooth to the touch
Their visions of innocence are my visions of lust.

&

ALONE

Think of living without laughter
Or a cow without a pasture
Like a twig without a dove
That is life without some love

Think of a ball without a chain
Or a president with some brain
Use the strength of fire and steel
To know the way I feel.

Vision an ocean without a wave
Or a corpse without a grave
See the dog without a bone
Feel sleeping home alone.

*

PETER LAYTON (U.S.A.)

My Chevy

The weekend opened up for me
I reached in
Like the guts of a frog

MARK MCCAWLEY (Canada)--(*Not just a poet but an editor and publisher of poetry!--Ed.*)

SCARS & OTHER SIGNATURES

you are at the foot of a bed where a woman is reclining nude. she does not attempt to conceal her nudity. she is neither ravishingly beautiful nor ugly. she is a woman. reclining nude. a nudity neither forced nor seductive. simply nude.

your history with her is limited. what you know of her history is as much as she allows you to know. an appropriate measure.

it does not bother you that much of her history does not include you. it is her history. just as your history is your own and not her history. you concede that her history includes other men and women. other lovers whom have known something of her history. these are histories you know nothing about.

you know the history of some of her scars because she has told you about them, because she has allowed you to touch them, because they are evidence of her history.

she told you how some scars came to be scars. how she bears her scars. she tells you nothing of the skin before there were scars. she says her scars are others' histories written on her skin. these are histories you cannot interpret. their language is unfamiliar. she says your language is a language learning a language. she says she can see you are uncomfortable inflicting your language on her.

she points to places on her body. a dimple on her thigh. a crease of skin under her breast. a patch of skin on the back of her neck. she says these spaces are reserved for your language. you are speechless. as you rise up from her arms, new scars appear exactly where she said they would. she points to your body. points to scars you did not have before.

in time. in time. in time she says. in time I will rewrite your body as you will rewrite mine. old scars will become new scars. your scars will be my scars becoming your scars. where our scars meet we will share one language. one history. one signature. one scar.

(*I hope that's clear. Test on Monday.--Ed.*)

DUNCAN T. ARMSTRONG (Canada) --(*Another genius of bad style discovered in the Metro Reference Library.-- Ed.*)

Hornpipe

One more morning
Is all I need
To fill my sails
To sooth my lost feelings
With Neptune sensations
Ripped from the quaking mound
Of the Virgin's first child.

&

The Last Waltz

Bed-ridden, guilty-disappearer
Alludes carpets backwards
Into embers sparkling through cozy air,
Crackling crystal cut perspectives
Reflections held to closely eyeward
Making a pyramid of ink blotches
Stretch out
Turn in
Till there is no border to be fought
Only a multiplicity of images to sort.

*

IMRE JUURLINK (Country unknown)

Pedicure

I set fire
to my toenails
but did not
feel the pain
My feet
are somewhat
smaller now
and it's difficult
to walk
but really

I don't feel
 the pain
 just wait for you to talk
 I wanted you
 to notice me
 but the newspaper
 proved more
 interesting.

*

ANNE WALDMAN (U.S.A.)-- (*Very Important Poet.--Ed.*)

PHILOSOPHIA PERENNIS

I turn: quivering yellow stars in blackness
 I weep: how speech may save a woman
 The picture changes & promises the heroine
 That nighttime & mediation are a mirage

To discuss pro & contra here is mute
 Do I not love you, day?
 A pure output of teleological intentions
 & she babbles, developing a picture theory of
 language

Do I not play the delicate game of language?
 Yes, & it is antecedent to the affairs of the world:
 The dish, the mop, the stove, the bed, the lover
 & surges forth the world in which I love

I & I & I & I & I & I, infinitely reversible
 Yet never secure in the wide morning texture
 A poor existing woman-being, accept her broken heart
 & yet the earth is divinity, the sky is divinity
 The nomads walk & walk.

*

BILLY POE (Canada)-- (*Not related to Edgar Allen.--Ed.*)

I Will Pick My Love

And to think that

She picked her nose
 On that day
 In that grade four class
 where the teacher
 rubbed his groin on
 my desk
 she pulled
 the moist strands
 with her finger
 slowly
 ever closer to her mouth
 her tongue
 uncurled
 slowly
 to meet
 the snot
 on the tip
 of her finger
 to show me
 the need
 to forget
 to love

*

DEBORAH MERCEDES NICOU (Country unknown)

Your brains dry

The pastel colours of life enrobe depression
 depression is never pastel prick head
 The enrobed depression was naked without a robe
 you fart face
 the robe that wasnt there name was schizophrenia
 how do you know?
 Cos Ive been too long in your abode of pastel colours
 and Im sick from too much tv and no booze pills narcotic
 spills
 bullshit

Within this hourglass of life
 we all seek emortality
 while we complain of our daily struggle
 We all seek the eternal moment
 in a dust speck of orgasm

in a sea of sperm
 from dicks prick
 on the edge of a diaphragm
 we cast our fishingrods hoping waiting for a sinking
 vessel
 not floating ourselves
 The gates of heaven
 open to greet us
 as we enter, we drown in a flood of sexual frustration
 angels don't fuck
 But our saviour Freud is there to tell them
 that masturbation works both ways
 the all new 69 ererererere
 hgtny.uui mjyyt hgfrg ssf; rebut

(I'm sorry, but that's what the manuscript says.--Ed.)

*

W. S. ALLEN (Planet unknown)

HermaphrodIteezz
 federal
 chloride/
 radio
 whiskey
 Christ

*

LOVELY IVOR (Britain)

Contemplation 18

I like to measure
 the electrical resistance
 of my donker
 both floppily woppily
 & stiffy wiffy
 with a digital multimeter
 One day soon
 When I have enough data
 I shall send
 my findings off
 to a learned journal

then I shall marry
& my wife
can take over the measuring
while I make plans
for various things
that I feel are
of importance (to me).

*

HAL J. DANIEL III (U.S.A.)-- (*Widely-published bad poet.--Ed.*)

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR LARYNGECTOMIZED DOGS

All it would take
is a little Ketamine, a razor, some sponges,
a tracheostomy tube
and my scalpels.

The night would never bark again.
It might wheeze, sputter and burp
when a cat, or burglar, patrolled the street
but it would never bark again.

Fido, Rusty and Dutchess--
Radical Laryngectomees!
I had a colleague who once said:
Don't neglect, the laryngect!

The night would never bark again.
You might hear a pack of bipedal Goldens
slurping Cokes (no peanuts),
Electro-larynxes vibrating *Arrfzz, arrfzz...*

but the night would never bark again.

&

WHEW, AH...

Have you ever
slept with a sweet one
only to feel
a big one

about to be blown
out your rosette?

You lie there
in tight-assed panic
praying to Paul Boomer
you won't scortch
or sizzle
your squeezers.

Sweat beads
on your forehead
you gasp
wishing you could
let the blast gently out
in tiny little freeeps.

Your life
races past you.
You'd give a nut
to be cracking the walls
in the Belk Hall toilet.
Cramps, pain, watering eyes.

You even ask God
to give you control
of this fart-to-be
just one time
before you die...
just one time Baby.

Suddenly
your problem
becomes absorbed.
No pass of gas.
Smiling in the dark
you wonder how these things work.

You vow
to call Professor Fulghum,
the bowel man,
the first thing tomorrow
as your tired right arm
anchors a hard breast.

ROSANNA WARREN (U.S.A.)--(V.I.P., recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship, and faculty member at Boston University. This poem was sent to me by a correspondent who remarked: "I think it qualifies for sickening, inappropriate sentimentality, inappropriateness, bad line breaks, and overall diction errors." The poem appeared in Southwest Review. You be the judge.--Ed.)

Child Model

(Greenland Eskimo mummy boy, four years old, *National Geographic*, February, 1985)

I want to adopt you, doll-like child,
your death, your National
Geographic resurrection. Cold

has clasped you in its cache, all
gaze, all glimmer. Arctic star,
cuddled in sealskin grave-crèche, still

you wait there for your mother,
trusting she'll trudge back through the snow,
famine, centuries; lift you from this glamour,

snatch you, full-limbed, laughing home. But now
in these pages, trapped, you touch
for comfort tiny beads of bone. We know

nothing of you save that such
patient beauty, still unputrefied,
was never seen in death. We clutch
you, ancient child: we need
to think you're saved, as if one face unmarred
in Kodachrome rescued all others who have died

ugly, bruised, disqualified.

*

ADAM LEVY (Canada)

I get nervous these days...
the taste of rotted flesh in my mouth,
diseased and decayed our bodies,

barren and forgotten our soles.
 Oh see, the filth as we fall
 Look around we are old, we are gone.
 Vegetation overgrows the banks
 we knelt to.
 Oh see the green take it down.

&

"Your songs are filled with anger"
 Her words echoed through my head
 violently thrashing from ear to ear
 I realize, as the words ricocheted
 through my emptiness,
 that I had been deprived of beauty
 within.
 The thought of beauty illuminates
 like a thousand suns, swirls deep, and
 explodes into brilliant beauty.
 My mind invasions her beauty, her
 goddessness.
 Her eyes are blue infinite summer skies.
 Breasts small like soft upturned doves.
 Her beauty radiates like rainbow,
 permitting me, momentarily, to experience
 Beauty.
 Word can not do justice to the beauty
 I Praise.
 Come! Let me praise your
 beauty.

&

My life is solitude.
 I wake in darkness, sleep in light.
 My only friend has become the night.
 My life is destitute.
 I was born nothing, live as nothing.
 I will become nothing, die nothing.
 My life is plain...Rude!
 I squirt jism on my walls.
 I Fart in shopping malls.
 I think I'm through,

How 'bout you?

&

The pain, excruciating.
 to deal in syllables the
 com-plex-i-ty
 of life.
 One at a time
 each problem rips
 open the old scar
 tissue.
 Whirling, drunk,
 ease the pain,
 kneel to the toilet bowl.
 Excruciating.

(You can say that again.--Ed.)

*

RICHARD NEGRI (U.S.A.)--*(Sincerity and ineptitude
 compete for the spotlight in these two stinkers.--Ed.)*

FINDING HE

Play with words, play with fire,
 build scenarios-
 label me liar,
 my native reasoning, it left you little desire.

Restriction of behaviour
 controversial labour
 my pained administration,
 and your so very present departure.

So apologetically on hands and knees
 you rejected almost all of me
 left my heart twisted and distort
 so in mirrors guilt you can still abort.

I have exceeded my limit of exaggeration
 a destined occurrence in the camouflage chose
 And so now beg forgiveness and submit a difference,
 and will you accept this of me?
 Will you accept this of me?

Reiteration of my investigation
left me in sorrow at wits end,
for unerasable actions happened,
but I watch unsardonically for your next move.

Slowly saunter about the emotions
I can't let you relax the devotion.
Survey the reasoning why,
secure the past, scream good-bye.

Earlier un-kind experience in reality
fostered a talent of half truth delivery
the listlessness to change has killed and murdered
becoming outsider emergency, but oh, not mine.

Not mine till now-
when I stand before you,
naked in reflections
and hate every hair, every inched skin of you.

I will show you
I will guide you
Protect you
and shadow wings over you

You can rid your self of him
and find HE.
The God that you've hid
beneath the rubbish of daily performance.

In the flats of masks,
in the substance abused,
in the murderous pre-meditation,
and your verbal false sophistication.

You can rid you of him,
FIND HE,
the God you've hid
because your inexperienced quest in youth
has done nothing but lead you to this.

THE BUNGALOW

In the city madness of heat, emotional turbulence,
disturbance to the balanced and unbalanced alike,
where we collectively build bungalows and hide away our
emotions.

For the wingless butterfly, the negro dove only exists
in our memories of what could happen in the morrow.

We dare not predict or drop words wisely on platters,
we speak of topical, situational possibilities
and act stoically upon any death the word murders,
for sensitivity is long out of fashion,
and we, the alive with cast iron heart
have but the capability to live only for the day,
it is left for the professionals to cease it uncondi-
tionally.

We pack our soldier, amplified souls in areas of
neglect,
on streets where the deprived are revered
and the killer lives high with crown and throne.
Literate gangsters of the insecure, we fall on who is in
front of us
and grasp with octopus arms and squeeze like the rattler
but always return like sinners.
The actors of immoral because our new day emotion is but
a violation.

We spiritually entwine our limited thought with author-
ity and vengeance
then torment our sorry selves to sleep
for we know the torrent of emotion, the Niagara of deep-
er realization
not drowned in the Bungalow, has finally appeared,
brighter than ever the dweller anticipated.

In anxious heavy feet, we walked each unstoppable day
rationalizing the injustice we tortured our selves with.
But today, in the static surrounded architecture of the
insane,
we spoke the language of those we murdered.

We were not afraid, and the consequence of modification,
which we feared,

held us like toddlers with genius intelligence.
 The variation with voice said I was beautiful.
 I smiled as would any.
 I said I was greatful!

*

NORBERT WATSON (Canada)--(*A self-published poet, Watson has sold 2,000 copies of each of his first two books, which, by Canadian standards, makes them best-sellers.--Ed.*)

SPANISH LADY

Spanish lady, spanish lady, sing me a song,
 I will bring you marguerites
 And hope the day lasts long,
 I will set up my easel
 For you to paint me a dream
 Spanish lady, spanish lady, sing me a song,
 The kids are catching crawfish by the stream
 While the sun drones along,
 My baby just left me she said so long,
 Spanish lady, spanish lady, sing me a song,

Spanish lady, spanish lady, paint me a dream,
 Of the hills and the valleys
 In blue and green,
 I will dance to your ballad
 In pirouettes and careens,
 Spanish lady, spanish lady, paint me a dream,

Spanish lady, spanish lady, blow me a kiss,
 My baby left me with the morning mist
 Spanish lady, spanish lady, twirl with the wind,
 The sun is dying
 How she left me crying
 Spanish lady, spanish lady, blow me a kiss,
 Then I'll be off to find my baby
 'Cause it's her that I miss.

EVENING FALL #9

night falls greedily
just
like
a labourer's slumber

&

Haiku

A FROG ON A LOG
SITTING IN MISTY SPRING FOG
DRINKING THE DEWDROPS

BY A SMALL RIVER
WILD GEESE CHATTER LIKE FOWLS AROOST
INTIMATIONS OF DAWN

THE CRAWLING HUMBER
WRIGGLING STILL THEN SWEET LAUGHTER
YOUNG CANADA GOOSE

TWO DOVES IN A CAGE
SILENT AMIDST THE EXUBERANT
CHURPING OF CANARIES

WITH ATTENTIVE EARS
AND GENTLE PERSUASIONS
GRANDPA'S STORIES ARE TOLD

BUDDING TREES IN SPRING
SEAGULLS ETCHED AGAINST
SKYSCRAPER ON THE HORIZON

THESE TREES BLOWING
THE SUN JUST OVER THE HILL
A SEAGULL PROPPED IN MIDAIR

*

NOLAN HIGGENBOTTOM (Canada)

ABITTOIR
SHED ONE TEAR FOR ALL THE ANIMALS IN THE PARK.

NOTHING LIKE THE LIFE, COWS GRAZE IN FIELDS FOREVER.
 AS SNOW FELL ON MY LEATHER. LIFE IS GREAT, HOW'S DEATH?
 CHICKENS WAITING PATIENTLY IN THE YARD.
 ALLOCATING THEMSELVES FOR A FEAST.
 SITTING AT THIS BANQUET,
 THANKS FOR GIVING, BUT THAT IS WHAT WE NEVER DO.
 PIGS PLAY IN THEIR FODDER, LIONS IN THEIR DENS,
 CIVILIZATION ONE BLOODY MESS,
 MEN TAKE THE EGGS LAID BY HENS.
 SURE, MAN EATS ONLY TO SURVIVE, BUT MAKE THE PASSOVER
 OF REINCARNATION TO BECOME, COWS IN THE CLOVER.

*

BRIAN HOY (U.S.A.)--(*Another specimen from my vanity press file.--Ed.*)

Love is nice,
 But sometimes mean,
 This you learn,
 When you're a teen,

When you were a child,
 Love you deemed,
 It couldn't run wild,
 Many hearts beamed,

What would you have done,
 Without mom and dad,
 When they gave you love,
 Weren't you glad.

And now that you're older,
 Isn't it good,
 That you're hearts are bolder,
 Be like they should.

When true love parts,
 And people fight,
 It leaves broken hearts,
 In the night.

Sometime,
 Before it's too late,
 Take time,

To rid you're hate.

Because
If he's you're mate,
And you're his wife,
Don't ever hate,
In times of strife.

If everyone loved,
And no one fought,
We'd all be happy,
And learn a lot.

If love you yearn,
Or love you seek,
Then you should learn,
Be gentle and patient,
Mild and meek.

And to the day,
When love might rule,
Let us pray,
We'll never duel.

*

JOHN WELCH (Britain)

SNAKE COLLAR

1

Sky chill, the water my grimy child
And a great lack of ideas.
I observed our way of keeping quiet

Where all the signs were true. Our grieving signal
Stuck in a thicket. Someone
Destroyed my story of too many colours

Pressing the switch marked Ecstasy.
The coloured snakes are my friends.
They touch the earth and sleep and listen.

Blue eggs are bits of the sky. The afternoon is too near.

2

Cars wake up for you. I cannot sleep,
Grow loose, the prickle of the flesh.
They're spreading underneath the nail -

Miserable signs. Each village
Is manicured to a turn, and resting
Each in its separate vale,

The trees alive with signs. In dream
We went past the curtain of refusal
And into a field of shining kittens.

One by one we returned, pale and unsatisfied.

3

I'll tell you a story. Moth flutters
Above the lightening pavement. Listen.
His huge fat body falls.

The traffic blew likewise along our roads.
Fat roses, bit of grit,
An institutional quiet, in which

Our lives are played. The switch of need,
Your breasts sank like two pillows.
Under a grey sky I spun the knife slowly.

Three o'clock news: the beasts are absent
Quartered away from fields.
Amid a litter of biscuits we are afraid

Each striving for some significance.

*

MICHAEL PAUL PETER (Britain)

HELPING HINDERENCE

Turquoise gloomy as Basilican
Lounge-lizard hardships are

His or her favourite symposium a neat and tidy
Rapture of ineptitude and degradation

Where simpletons
The likes of which
I have never envisaged in daylight
Are cleaned up and sedated

So that a grasp of their psyche
Their collective condescension
Can be waded through
Or grimaced over

Why deny it when the fleshy
Impudence of the smell of grilling

Bacon
Artist of the senses

Imposes itself so righteously upon
Our education
Zips up our flies for us.

*

DAN RAPHAEL (Country unknown)--(*A brilliant example of the Boldly Meaningless School.*--Ed.)

mind feel poxd& jammd

crablegs repulse document

marionette precipice
500 year wine
semantic tuber

in the dumps
& expecting
acceleration

the instrument must be green
the mind is to be used, the cigarette
admired
in parallel

the low rib chested sea inhale, of HATE
and fear and love, a salt, remember.

As when in on top one - All a pickleing
brine is...unmasked.

*

RENEE EDWARDS (Canada)

SEE THE RABBIT

See the rabbit run
See the rabbit run run run
Over and around Billings ground
April sun shining, but a cool
breeze blowing today
But the bunny rabbit
He hops he skips around
Searching for food
hop hopping around
He's in Billings graveyard,
Across across the Sawmill Creek
(Two across's--that's deep.--Ed.)
I'am watching this scene through
my window rabbit is all alone *(Good line break.--Ed.)*
All alone with the dead in the graveyard
Billings graveyard across the creek
The trees are still uncovered bare
A cool breeze whispers beware beware
Rabbit stopped his hopping, so still
so still was he, like a stone statue
Then suddenly he ran so fast
Disappearing Out Of Sight.....

&

SMELLS *(Another howler.--Ed.)*

Smells, drift around in summertime
Smell of barbequed meat, burning
Greasy smell of hamburgers, fries
Drifts around in the summer breeze
(Mrs. Edwards is 106.--Ed.)
Smells hang around in the halls

Some nice smells
 Some funny smells
 Drift through doors, walls
 Some drift up noses
 Smell sweet scent of roses
 But some smells, like rotten eggs too,

In elevators, smells linger,
 Sniff when you enter alone
 Pizza, french fries, onions too.

Somethings burning, smell of smoke
 Pull the fire alarm, no big joke
 Gets people out of their bed,
 God Bless, the firemen, use their head
 (Just one for the whole crew. I get it.--Ed.)
 Over the loud speaker, all is well
 When they discover, with their noses
 The cause of the smell..... *(This poem.--Ed.)*

&

SHEPHERDS WARNING

Look at the sky what do you see *(Good punctuation.--Ed.)*
 Trouble ahead for you and me
 Skies rainy, sometimes bright
 Shepherds warning see at night
 God is warning you and I *(Good grammar.--Ed.)*
 Look at the sky, look at the sky
 God is warning you and I
 Skies are forever changing
 Needs some re'ar'ranging *(Excellent form.--Ed.)*
 We can do it you and I
 Stop polluting seas and skies
 God will help if everyone tries
 All will be well sunny bright
 Sunset skies, red at night
 Red at night sailers delight
 We can do it you and I
 Stop polluting seas and skies
 God will help if everyone tries
 Tries Tries.....

RAY MIZER (U.S.A.)--(*One of my voluntary contributors and a prime example of the "different sort of genius" referred to in the Intro.--Ed.*)

And So To Bed

(A pair of above-average young men, having struck up an acquaintance by virtue of having taken stool positions next to each other at the bar of a local tavern, are caught up in extensive discussion of whether Wendell Willkie, were he still around, would have made a nearly perfect Secretary of Commerce. Much later, they part company reluctantly as fast friends.)

'Twas nigh upon closing time when Tim
 His reasoning pushed forward with such vim
 That Tom did'st nod affirming him,
 Despite minor reservations somewhat slim.
 Hear now how Tom had strongly urged that Wendell should
 By all that's right and fair and just been President,
 who would
 Have straightened out the nation's mess. That would pre-
 clude
 His being Commerce Secretary too, or so he understood.
 And Tim agreed, but alas that was not to be. Q.E.D.
 Strong drink abounded, beer nuts, and strong emotion, too.
 As they (this Tom and Tim) gave cheers for this and that,
 Drawing attention to their hero's finer points, all im-
 promptu,
 And this proceeded, went on and continued as such things
 do
 Until they were physically ushered out by the tired bar-
 keep,
 And the twain wandered far afield in heavy dew and some
 doodoo.

&

A Worthy Country Agricultural Exhibition

Annually once each year in our small city
 Which serves as county seat, and is a sort of hub,
 Occurs a week-long splendid event which is a pity
 More haven't fully supported. Aye theirs the rub!
 For this fine fair is frequently sparsely attended

Despite the accumulation of crafts and products and
 livestock
 That wholly o'erwhelms viewers. This neglect must be
 mended!
 And persons of all ages and sizes and sectes attend in
 flocks.
 Heaven's blessings be upon these hard-workers of H's
 four
 Who raised up all these piglets and ponies and varied
 cows,
 And haul them in here and slave over them hour after
 hour
 Before venturing to enjoy the carnival rides on the mid-
 way.
 Full vigorously now do I urge all you folk who go else-
 where
 To come here to the grounds and cast your eye on all its
 wonders,
 And not merely come just for the Queen contest and the
 talent show,
 But take full delight in the quilts, and the pickled
 beets and such.
 That way you can help and thank young folks we all so
 much owe.
 So let jollity flow, with divers smells in the air. At the
 Fair!

&

In Seamyside Stews

Zounds, that mine ocular sense this shock had been
 spared!
 Foul glut of naughtyness 'mongst folk who have fared
 Illy. Here do be night crawlers of every hue,
 Doing dour deeds politer people wottest not nor pursue.
 Noisome stews be these mangy and maculate alleys. Phew!
 Yea, would that mine ears had repulsed the dire slime
 Befouling the rank air! Auditory offal! And my, the
 crime!
 Woe and more woe to he or her suchlike foul deeds pur-
 suing.
 Would that they should feel shame, and adopt reforming.
 Oh, harken, constabulary powers, to this scene;
 And corrective retribution loose 'mongst these
 sneaky mean!

MARY LYNN BANGERTER (U.S.A.)--(*This poem was written by a 19-year-old skinhead from Las Vegas, who sent 500 copies to the crew members of the U.S.S. Acadia during the war with Iraq. Cribbed from The NSV Report, the quarterly magazine of the National Socialist Vanguard, and please don't ask how I found it.--Ed.*)

A Thought of War

Looking out over the sea,
a thought of death comes over me.
Could it be that I might die?
Could it be that they do lie?

Could all these things I hear be true?
Is this the bidding of the Jew?
With all the media busy about,
why is the truth not getting out?

I'm patriotic naturally,
I'll stay true to Old Glory.
I've been thinking every night,
will the Congress make us fight?

If they do and I must kill,
will it truly be God's will?
O' God I know it's clear,
the Holy War is finally here.

All us Christians and Moslems too,
know the enemy is the Jew!
So bless us now for Thee we'll fight,
we must change sides to do what's right.

*

MICHAEL HATHAWAY (U.S.A.)

AS THE WINDS

As the breezes stir the leaves,
And as the prairie sings,
So is our friendship sent from Heaven
On the eagle's wings.

So as the winds do blow, my love,
As the winds do blow,
My love for you is like the wind
To follow where you go.

As hurricanes crash inland
Scattering havoc every place,
So intense is my dependence on you,
I need your presence in my space.

So friend so true and lover, too
Whatever the winds may be--
As the winds will blow, my love,
You will remember me.

&

PRETTY PEOPLE

Faces soar
Into the night,
They cringe and burn
And burst into light.

Oh these faces cringe
With an ecstasy of pain.
They weep in the sky,
And they flaunt their shame.

They crave the darkness
And glow in the night.
They scream to the stars
And they moan with delight.

★

PHILEMAN WAITTS (U.S.A.)

For A Look At Your Face

For a look at your face,
I could swim the breadth of Vesuvius,
or pass the glooms of Erebus,
or reach the depths of Marianas,
or outshine Venus and Sirius,

for one look at your face;
 and I could wear the noose or meet the guillotine,
 live with midnight and walk with Halloween,
 or give my soul to the prince of hell--I mean--
 for just one look at you;
 and I could take death, fear, and the devil's dance
 take worry, war and circumstance,
 serpents, wild elephants, and army ants
 and make one daydream for your eyes,
 Paradise...
 and I could take your danger, dear,
 walk on water, air, or prickly pear,
 shadow the sun, shudder the stars,
 or climb the mountains of Mars for a look at your face.

*

SIDNEY SCHWARTZ (Canada)--(*In fining a man found guilty of uttering a rhyming death threat, this Winnipeg judge remarked as follows.--Ed.*)

I can say to you,
 if you did not receive a fine,
 in jail you would pine.
 No fun, no wine;
 on bread and water you would dine.

*

RACHEL FIELDS (Canada)--(*This poem from the Toronto Sun's "Poet's Corner" wins the Gold Medal for the Most Inappropriate Metaphor.--Ed.*)

INTERMEZZO

My mother's gone ahead,
 Triumphant, head held high,
 At heaven's gate surely welcomed;
 Well-loved, family reared to be
 God-fearing folk. She can be proud.
 I miss her.

My daughter's also gone;
 An independent route she chose,
 To live unshackled by a

Mother's watchful eye - so limiting
 To one who wants to live
 Her own life.

The middle portion, I,
 A searching jellied mass,
 A gob of sandwich filling
 Reaching out to understand and clutch
 The crusts on either side,
 But in vain.

*

RYK WHYTE (Country unknown)--(*Not to be confused
 with Rick White, the non-poet.--Ed.*)

TOGETHER EVERMORE

Why do here I wait for your nay or yea?
 Why are yere you at our trysting place?
(That's what the manuscript says.--Ed.)

I need the release of love abounding needs.
 Lack you this love release, are you ready?
 Life's romance does elude but we gather it.
 Are you thought fulfilled but still search?
 I can give; I can share; I can receive.

(I just can't say it clearly.--Ed.)

Must you hesitate while sun's rays are warming?
 Gift unheralded yet offered and gently given.
 Thoughts abounded as soft tender deeds attended.
 Lie amidst the sweet scent of clover blooms.
 Blankets soft folds will cradle and protect.
 Bodies aquiver and strain for touches gentle caress.
 Admiration of gender, exploring of aluring charms.
 Touch, stroke, shared, allowed and enjoyed.
 Lips to lips, hips to hips, breath to breath.
 Roseates of breast caressing muscles of chest.
 Navel brushes navel, pelvic receives pelvic.
 Lips soft moist parting, tongue and shaft taken.
 Romance, release, enjoyment and loves passion.
 All is ours to have, share, receive and give.
 Now for now, each for each together evermore.

WOOD LAND LOVERS

Wandering idly among the autumn blaze of trees
she and I were delighted as suns rays warmed us.

Thrust of soft breeze gave pattern of body's allures
my gaze of lust awoke her turns of abandonment.

With a quick thrust of arms she cast aside her sweater
full breast did explode into view with arms lifted.

The full enjoy of her form gave rise to manhood
laughter and words gave way to bodies embrace.

Searching hunger of lips and hands quickly found
detachment of clothes gave bodies full kiss and touch.

Easing of bodies to carpet soft green of grasses bed
turning and twisting, loving and touching gave to
entrance.

Pelvic to pelvic, hips to hips both tongue and manhood.
encircled by warmth and wetness to fullest depths.

Thrusting of hips gave wave upon wave of throes
of rapture and release of love's pressures spurts.
(Appalling, isn't it?--Ed.)

Shuddering releases and voice of orgasms rent the
silence of the woodland disturbing birds on limb.

Final savage thrusts and tightening of legs love spasim
releasing ourselves to a contented blissful rest.

Arising from our bed of love we clothed and ventured
forth upon natures ways to another encounter.

★

DENISE DUMARS & TODD MECKLEM (U.S.A.)

The steam from a cup of tea
sets frogs a-singing
in the pool of blood behind my typewriter.

HERBERT ZITTAU (U.S.A.)

Interpol and the Laughing Beggar

I long for a bright red telephone;
A telephone that would ring for me loud and clear.
Then I would beg from inside my telephone;
I am tiny, I am used to being tiny, I would fit in,
And Interpol would let me be
And Interpol and I would stay in touch,
And there would be ringing and ringing and ringing!

&

Toad's Bile

I was working on the transmutation of lead into gold,
(Lead's spirit is toad's bile,
Gold's spirit is the planet Jupiter,)
When Anna the Burgermeister's daughter
Threw a gold doubloon into my basin-retort
Through my open window.
Was it love or insult?
Shall I ask her? What would I say?

*

LISA (Canada)

In Loving Memory of "Boris Karloff," The Master of Doom

Thrilling and chilling on the bill tonight,
Are you scared, not a bit
Nor is I, nor is it
Larger than life they appear on the screen
Make your blood curdle, those bloodthirsty fiends
Take their revenge with no mercy means
As fog settles in and dark clouds hide the sky
From beyond the unknown comes the dead that don't die
The monster's just waiting for someone to give
He's not really dead, he's just hasn't lived
Horror flicks that depict terrifying sick
A beat your heart skips is just one of his tricks.

WAYNE ALLEN SALLEE (U.S.A.)

The Girl With the Concrete Hands

she collects cats
because their tongues
feel like her hands.
Maybe. It might just be,
she likes cats.

Diane manages a flower shop
in Riverdale, Illinois
and always has Band-Aids
on her fingers

I often wonder if this
is the reason she dislikes
slow dancing, or could it
be that I am from
another generation?

★

KRISTOFFER IAN DARLINGTON (U.S.A.)

providing a neccessary blackness
I am the son of a serpent

As long as I've known you
my form must be shown,
too mortal woman,
only a fragile lifetime
its vanishing act.

give
to transcend
constrained
the hidden weaknesses
give
a lost moment,
its vanishing act.
a time.
without benefit of witnesses
breeding

my revelry is inspected too
other souls do this
Concealment is always begging
your majestic

*

SIRIS D. TRUFFLE (Canada)

Against Fake Love: A Polemic

His fridge farts,
and his feet we won't even talk about
and though his room-mate loves him
it's only for the coffee.

Don't listen to his words
they may rhyme
but his nose drips
when he's alone in the bathroom
with a catcher's mitt
and last year's farmer's almanac.

The city took away his stove
and the SPCA confiscated
his Thanksgiving dinner.

And he speaks of Love?

*

R. T. SWANK (U.S.A.)

Love Slaw

Could Love be a flower,
perhaps a rose of sweetest scent?
Not so, for a rose is but one
and we are so many as one.

Our love swims and flies,
runs and jumps, jogs, crawls,
runs errands, does cartwheels on ice.
A rose just sits in the dirt.

No, our love is of the Earth and Man
from our Garden of Passion in the
dirt only we share.

Our love is a salad, cabbage and carrots,
sliced in our Flesh Kitchen, mixed with
mayonnaise and herbs, salt and some vinegar:
a cole slaw, a love slaw. Call it not a rose,
for a flower lives but a few days, but Love's
Slaw remains for several more if refrigerated.

*

BRAD PHILLIPS (Canada)

Rebirth

Sidewalks forever, clogging
my mind with monotony.
Counting the cracks with
mechanical accuracy.
Left foot, Right foot.
I pay close attention as
to not break the pattern.
Something cries out and I lift
up my head. A whole new world of
shapes and colors is formed, so
I abandon my counting, to run
through the garden of my
future.

*

STEVE SIBRA (U.S.A.)

Phil Hamilton Statistic

one in every hundred
people you meet is wearing a butt
plug he told me as we ate
corndogs at disneyland

LEO KARTMAN (U.S.A.)

BATMAN

Be an avid fan
of bold Batman;
he's always right
never up tight;
he shows us the light
with his manly might;
you don't catch him sobbin
because he lost Robin;
his feelings are contained,
his happy mood sustained;
he helps those in distress
to find their happiness;
he's never really sad
even among the bad;
he does what he should
to defend womanhood
from the horrible distortion
of an abortion;
he fights the filthy thugs
who sell drugs;
he seeks a solution
to the evils of prostitution;
he lives an ascetic life
free from love or strife;
thus his time is free
to answer every tragic plea;
he avoids all ridicule
by being apolitical;
but there's never a schism
in his lofty patriotism;
when he sallys forth
he's like Ollie North;
just a goody goody guy
for motherhood and apple pie;
he smirks with scorn
while watching hard-core porn;
to remove his mask
is a forbidden task,
it might make us believe
he can laugh or grieve;
he's no evil Nero

but a real American hero;
so give three cheers and one cheer more
for the flying wonder we all adore;
BATMAN

*

B. DIEDERICH (U.S.A.)--(Mr. Diederich explains his poem as follows: "This is a poem fuelled by aspirations, intuitions, and inclinations, leaning toward an end which brings a post modernist beginning. Not just the stranger in the world he didn't help create, but the questions he has about the future after the world judgement, holocaust, or revolution."--Ed.)

Prelude to Norbert

Who will be farmers, when there is
nothing to be farmed. All sorts of testicles
that don't need this body or this world,
or anything. Out there, it's just
going to go on. Nothing for the forgotten
now.
All I need is other people
that is all that I need.

*

KARIN ZIRK (U.S.A.)

Trolls at Sea

Counting crossed
Fog swirled past
I really need a little blue
Rolled away stones
Paraffin creeping over falling down
lighthouse
Smouldering sea.

Black bird circling lightning cross
Can strong emotional disturbance transfer
Buoy far at ocean
White horses on top of breakers
Canter across foam waves.

Sound of seagull in fog
The doing things fisherman
Poor wrinkled piece of seaweed
Not liking trousers.

I think we should all go home and have tea.

*

EDWARD BERLINSKI (Country unknown)

A Dark Night in the Soul of Mark Strand

Night falls like a coffin in our midst.
My mother, drunk after drinking a fifth,
Puts down her cigarette and drowns in the pool.

We argue: Shall we revive her?
My brother retrieves the will.
Unfortunately, she forgot to sign.

People are standing around in pain.
The yellow street lights seem far away.
No one remembers the poem I just read.

My father breathes life into her.
She signs the will. We throw her back
Into the pool. My floating mother

Opens up an old wound: I think
Of sleep; how death is like sleep,
Except no one sets the alarm.

*

VERMITZ (Canada)

Stuff your loved one

I still remember the night
your heaving carcass expired
I almost suffocated under your drooping chest
as you gave your last gasp
Luckily you rolled off the bed
and thunderously hit the floor

I left you there, too exhausted to move

Your balls were small
but your butt immense
and it always gave me pleasure
to bury my face between the vastnesses
You were my lover
All 350 pounds of you

But what sorrows me most
is not that I'll no longer
feel your gelatinous mass undulating over my very being
or that I'll never again
rejoice in the ecstasy of running my dick between your
rolls of flesh
or ever hear your loud gut wrenching moans
or ever again smell the rotting sweat oozing
from every pore of your infinite surface

What sorrowed me most
was when they told me
that I couldn't have you filled with helium
I had so looked forward to using your carcass
as an air mattress in the pool
So instead I'm having your head cut off
and filling your body with mints.

*

BRYAN WESTBROOK (U.S.A.)

Big Mac Baby

My one only true love reminds me of
a Big Mac with a side order of fries,
but a buck seventy-nine I don't shove
across the counter when I crawl 'tween her thighs.

Her special sauce oozes over my tongue
as I show her how a man eats his lunch.
Fifteen may be a little too young,
but she loves me & I love her a bunch.

My hands love to slide between her two all
beef patties, warmed by the heat of passion,

and give her a break today 'gainst the wall
her sesame seeds buns I am mashing.

Give me my Big Mac Baby any day,
and you and your Whoppers away can stay.

*

BILL GROSS JR. (U.S.A.)

Howdy Doody's Brother, Heavy

Howdy Doody's brother, Heavy,
Went to school and joined the navy;
Grew his hair
Down to there,
Never cared for lumpy gravy.

Heavy started feeling funny,
Found himself a little honey;
Played a spinet
For a minute;
Only in it for the money.

Howdy's brother, Heavy Doody's
Honey's name's the same as Judi's;
Arrgbarf,
Arfsnarf;
Dog barf catches cooties.

*

MARY LOUISE GARRIS (U.S.A.)--(*This poem carried
off the \$52 third prize in a poetry contest.--Ed.*)

The Prize

Let's get right down to business
There isn't any time to compromise
It's time to take God serious now
You will listen if you are wise.

It's just like it were in the days of Noah
Cities and towns are being terrorized
Sin and wickedness are being advertised

People swear and curse and don't apologize.

The devil's desire is to deceive anyone
He always come in a different disguise
This shouldn't take you by surprise
He and his angels have mobilized.

It seems like the world is hypnotized
It's following the path of destruction and lies
But remember that God is on our side
Don't take your eyes off the prize.

*

JOYCE KAMERER (U.S.A.)--(*First honorable mention in same contest.--Ed.*)

Battle

I am wounded in the breast,
Wounded in the heart
From a steel-tipped arrow
Fired with skillful art.

As split wine the blood,
An excited flood,
Staining this tunic
Whitte as a rose bud.

'Twould it had been love's
Shaft, so deep this life it tore,
But death rides upon its back
To heart's center core.

I am pierced, pierced right through
With steel arrows, icy-blue
The dead lie all as statues,
Trumpets solemn rue.

*

SHEILA MELNYK (Probably U.S.A.)

FOREVER

I'll walk down the aisle with you for I no are love is
true.
For today's the day we say I do now and tomorrow a life
time threw.
And I no there's a feeling in my heart which cries out will
never part.

&

THREW

You were at the party I saw you there face so dirty you
didn't care.
I no you well you looked at me, too bad dear I didn't see.
I did care for I am blue no one's darling we are threw.
But you fight and fight that's all you do, and now I'm glad
we are threw.
There's a new man that I found who is sweet and kind all
around.
He's not like you he's always true he doesn't try to make
me blue.
I'm not a sinner I'm just me and I will never be just free.

*

MICHAEL GRANATSTEIN (Canada)

Leprechauns

I have a pair of barbecue tongs
That I use to extract marbles
From out of my asshole.
It's how they keep getting up there
That I can't figure out.

*

LUCILLE HILL (Probably U.S.A.)

Vacation

When you go on a vacation
You can get information
When you go on a vacation
You can start a conversation

When you go on a vacation
You can see the land and conservation
When you go on a vacation
You can probably get an imitation

*

AMBER BOATMAN (U.S.A.)

OUT WILL COME THE MOON

For everything bad that happens
Something good will happen too
Because everytime the sun goes down
Out will come the moon

*

JIM GIARDINA (Probably U.S.A.)

Me and Someone

Together we searched,
lying on the porch, perched,
we meliorated the earth,
it was a nice dream.

&

The End

The time is now to say good-bye,
the time is now to die,
somewhere within lies the reason,
somewhere here lies the answer.

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*The way the piss splatters in the bucket
The way the vomit stains the rug
The way the cat anoints her litter
With ammonia sweet & bowel mud*

*The way the armpit reeks at evening
The way the semen dries like glue
The way the mucus clogs our senses
That's the way I love you.*

Yes, there are real people out there in the world writing stuff like this -- and worse. Our mission has been to sniff them out and immortalize them -- with or without their knowledge. The fruit of our painstaking search is this compilation of the most unbelievably dreadful poetry ever written. Call it kitsch, call it junk, call it offensive, call it whatever you like, but behind every one of these awful odes lurks a rare and peculiar kind of genius -- a genius that deserves recognition! Now at last the reading public can gorge itself on the strange meat that the grocers of culture have traditionally thrown into the garbage! We boldly proclaim a New Era in literature! BAD POETRY RULES!

CHARNEL HOUSE

ISBN 0-920973-15-9